THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 4, 1801.

Sketch of the Life of Rear-Admiral Thomas Graves.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

AS the late gallant and enterprizing attack made at Copenhagen, unequalled in the annals of naval hiſtory, deſervedly intereſts public attention, it may not be unintereſting to your readers to have a ſketch of the life and naval proceedings of one of the heroes that contributed ſo handſomely to the ſucceſs of that day; I mean Rear-Admiral Thomas Graves. Your giving it a place in your Weekly Entertainer will gratify many of your readers, and oblige your very humble ſervant,

NAVALIS.

THIS officer is one of the younger branches of a very worthy family of that name, a part of which has been long ſettled in the weſt of England, and in which family there have been ſeveral naval officers, three of whom, by their long and faithful ſervices, were promoted to high ranks in their profeſſion, the preſent Lord Graves being one of thoſe three.

Rear-Admiral Thomas Graves is the ſon of a clergyman, who ſettled in the north of Ireland, and who had an exceeding large family, four of whom, ſons, viz. Samuel, John, our preſent ſubject Thomas, and Richard, have all diſtinguiſhed themſelves, and have riſen by their ſervices to conſiderable rank in the royal navy of England.

It appears that Rear-Admiral Thomas Graves left his father at a very early period of life, and put himſelf under the protection of his uncle, the late Admiral Samuel Graves; and for ſome time, in the French war of 1756, he ſerved as Midſhipman on board his Majeſty's ſhips Scorpion, Duke, and Venus, until the peace, after which he was placed under the care of his

relation and patron, the preſent Lord Graves, who was then Captain of his Majeſty's ſhip Antelope, and Governor of Newfoundland, and who he afterwards, in the year 1765, accompanied to the coaſt of Africa, where he was promoted to a Lieutenancy on board his Majeſty's ſhip Shannon, and continued to ſerve as Firſt Lieutenant of her when ſhe lay at Portſmouth. In the latter end of the ſame year he ſhewed an activity which often carries young men into ſituations, that nothing but a daring ſpirit can extricate them from; this happened more than once to the Rear-Admiral, while he was Lieutenant of the Shannon. It is ſaid that Lord Graves firſt diſcovered in him thoſe dawnings of an enterprizing genius, in the courſe of his voyage down the coaſt of Africa, by a very urgent and preſſing ſolicitation to be permitted a volunteer on an expedition up the river Gambia, to diſpoſſeſs the French of a ſettlement they had made upon the banks of that river. This ſervice was deemed to be hazardous, from a belief that the French would defend their works.

After the Shannon was paid off our young officer had no public opportunity to exerciſe his ſpirit of enterpriſe until the time of the Faulkland Iſlands armament, when we find him a Lieutenant on board the Arethuſa, at Deptford, where he diſplayed a wonderful coolneſs and reſolution in a matter of ſervice which drew upon him a formidable attack from an enraged mob, and in which ſituation he acquitted himſelf with great honour, as he had before done in a ſimilar ſituation at Portſmouth, when he was Lieutenant of the Shannon.

We find him ſoon after Third Lieutenant of the Race Horſe, on an expedition towards the North Pole, having offered his ſervices to that accompliſhed ſeaman and philoſopher, Lord Mulgrave, to whom Mr. Graves ſtrongly recommended himſelf by his uncommon reſolution and firmneſs in the moſt trying ſituations of that perilous voyage, and in which voyage ſuch ſituations often occurred. It was upon this voyage that Lord Mulgrave interpoſed, and prevented Mr. Graves, and another officer in the expedition, who was of a ſimilar turn to himſelf, from fighting a duel, with muſkets and fixed bayonets, acroſs the carcaſe of a white bear, which had been juſt killed, and each party diſputing it as their prize. However, as generous minds are incapable of long reſentment, they, as ſoon as reconciled, both went to his Lordſhip, and returned him their thanks for his timely interpoſition.

It was upon this voyage too that Mr. Graves, when the Race Horſe was encloſed in the ice, without a ſeeming probability of her ever being releaſed, volunteered an expedition with the boats in ſearch of the Greenland whalers, in hopes by that means to find aſſiſtance that might be uſeful for the ſafety of thoſe who were left behind; on this forlorn hope he had actually ſet out with a few volunteers that were equally hardy with himſelf, and had

had got ſome miles from the ſhip when the ſea began to roar, and ſhewed a diſpoſition to free them, upon which the ſignal was made for their return, and with difficulty they could again reach the ſhip, the wind having changed, and ſeparated the mountains of ice with which ſhe was ſurrounded.

Soon after Mr. Graves returned from this voyage, we find him at Boſton, in New England, with the command of a ſmall ſchooner of four two-pounders, and thirty men, the command of which, it is ſaid, he procured from his uncle, Admiral Samuel Graves, who had then the command in America, with an intention of exploring the coaſt of that Continent, previous to a war that then threatened the peace of Great Britain and her colonies, which ſchooner was ſoon afterwards burnt by General Putnam, at Winniſimmet Ferry, after a reſiſtance that aſtoniſhed every one; the ſchooner being aground, and under the fire of four pieces of cannon and three thouſand men, who were under the cover of a ſmall hill, within piſtol ſhot of the ſchooner. General Putnam got under her bottom during the night, and under the fire of his people threw lighted combuſtibles on the ſchooner's decks, at a time when Mr. Graves was ſending off his wounded men from the other ſide of the ſchooner, and being himſelf the laſt out of the veſſel, he did not eſcape without being exceedingly burnt, as was alſo his brother, Captain John Graves, who at that time ſerved Firſt Lieutenant of the Preſton, and who came to his aſſiſtance in one of the Preſton's boats.

Before Mr. Graves was quite recovered of his burnt wounds, we find him again employed at Noddles Iſland, oppoſite to Boſton, commanding a gun boat, covering the boats of the ſquadron in bringing off the naval ſtores from that iſland, part of the houſes being then in flames, which were ſet on fire by the Americans, who were in great force on the iſland, with an intention of deſtroying the King's ſtores. It was here that one of the Americans, more daring than the reſt, advanced nearly half way between his own people and the marines of the ſquadron, who were then poſted behind ſome ſtone walls in order to cover the boats' crews who were employed in ſaving the ſtores, the Americans being then much more numerous and ſtrongly poſted, as well in the remaining houſes as behind ſtone walls upon an eminence at a ſmall diſtance. The boldneſs of this American excited the reſentment of Mr. Graves, who was always happy in having opportunities of braving danger; he could not bear the idea of a ſingle enemy giving ſo public a challenge to the Britiſh ſeamen and marines, but eagerly ſeized on the occaſion of meeting the daring hero, and after procuring a good marine muſket and bayonet from Captain Johnſon, the Commanding Officer of the Marines, went out to meet the American champion in ſingle combat; the Admiral approached his antagoniſt within fifty or ſixty yards, when perceiving that he

began to decline the conteſt, he invited him not to relinquiſh it, telling him the eyes of their reſpective parties were all on them, and to remember, it was himſelf that gave the challenge, and that he might now chuſe his diſtance, aſſuring him, that he was himſelf determined not to fire before he could feel him with the point of the bayonet; at the ſame time informing him too, that if the fortune of war ſhould terminate in his favour, he ſhould carry his ſcalp with him as a trophy; thus far, he ſaid, it was neceſſary to tell him, that they might be upon an equal footing. During this time the Admiral advancing faſt upon his adverſary, who ſeemed to be now totally motionleſs with fear, from the uncommon coolneſs of the other, whoſe eagerneſs to cloſe before any of the Americans came within ſhot, (many of whom were ſtealing down), and the neceſſity there was for keeping a ſteady eye upon his opponent, occaſioned his ſtumbling into a ſwamp, of which accident the other took the advantage; and after diſcharging his muſket, threw it down, and took to his heels. The ſhot was well levelled, and narrowly miſſed the Admiral, who fired in return, with equal diſappointment of his aim, and in his retreat received the fire of all thoſe who were concealed for the aſſiſtance of their friend.

After this Mr. Graves was a volunteer on many expeditions in the vicinity of Boſton; and commanded, as a volunteer, one of the armed ſloops belonging to the army, in covering the troops deſtined for the attack of Bunker's Hill. After which action we find him in command of the Bolton brig, at Rhode Iſland, under the command of Sir James Wallace, whoſe ſpirited conduct had induced him to get on the ſame ſervice with Sir James, and was preſent with him in all his ſkirmiſhes in that part of the world, until his uncle, Admiral Graves, was recalled from the command, with whom he returned to England, as Lieutenant of the Preſton, filled with reſentment by the injuſtice which he conceived was done in the recal of his uncle. Before his departure for England, when on his paſſage from Rhode Iſland to Boſton, in order to join his uncle, he was in a ſmall tender belonging to his Majeſty's ſhip Roſe, in which ſmall veſſel he had an action with the famous American, Captain Manley, in a privateer of much ſuperior force, who eſcaped by his ſuperiority of ſailing.

The Admiral came after this to England, where he did not remain long inactive, but ſoon returned to America with Commodore, now Lord Hotham, in the Preſton, when he aſſiſted at the reduction of New York and Rhode Iſland, being conſtantly employed in all the flat boat expeditions, and other ſervices of danger and fatigue. Soon after the reduction of Rhode Iſland, we find him diſtinguiſhing himſelf in the Cheſapeak, being then Lieutenant of the Preſton; at this time he boarded and took a privateer in the Preſton's barge and pinnace, in which captured veſſel, and on the ſame day, he captured another very valuable

tobacco

tobacco ſhip, though guarded by a privateer of ſuperior force to the veſſel he was in, and conducted the ſhip ſafe to New York, from whence he again returned to England, in hopes of ſerving with his uncle, who was then ſaid to have a foreign command, when a French war was commencing; but being diſappointed in ſerving with his uncle, a brave and reſolute officer, to whom he was ſtrongly attached by ſentiment, gratitude, and affection, and a French war taking place, he deemed it inglorious to remain long aſhore; he therefore offered his ſervices, and we ſoon after find him again in the Weſt Indies, in the command of the Savage, through the recommendation of his patron, the preſent Lord Graves, who was then ſerving in that country.—In the Savage he was at laſt ſent to New York, with diſpatches to Admiral Arbuthnot, much about the time that the French fleet, under the command of Monſieur de Tournay, arrived on that coaſt; which fleet took refuge in Rhode Iſland, a place, among many others, that the Admiral had before gained a perfect knowledge of; and therefore he offered his ſervices to Admiral Arbuthnot, to pilot in the leading ſhip of his ſquadron to the attack of the French fleet; aſſuring Admiral Arbuthnot that he was ſo intimately acquainted with the navigation of Rhode Iſland, he would engage to run the French Admiral's ſhip on board. This offer, which was frequently repeated during the continuance of our ſquadron in the vicinity of that place, was ſo conſonant to the feelings of that good and brave old officer, that he made a voluntary offer of ſerving Mr. Graves, which he ſoon performed, by making him Poſt-Captain into the Bedford, ſoon after that unfortunate action with the French fleet, and in which ſhip Admiral Graves ſerved afterwards as Admiral Arbuthnot's Captain, till he quitted the command in America.

When Sir George Brydges Rodney (afterwards Lord Rodney), arrived at New York, Rear-Admiral Graves ſtrongly and repeatedly ſuggeſted, by letter to Sir George, the propriety of making an attack upon the French fleet at Rhode Iſland, and voluntarily offered to pilot the leading ſhip; aſſuring Sir George Brydges Rodney, that nothing could ſave the French ſhips from the force then under his command, if he would but make the attack in the manner he propoſed. This offer was, however, declined.

A ſhort time before Mr. Graves was promoted into the Bedford from the Savage ſloop, which ſloop was then in the Cheſapeak, he was ſent with three ſmall veſſels, with orders to proceed as high as poſſible up the river Potomack, in order to prevent the Marquis de la Fayette from croſſing with his army, who was then on his march to Williamſburgh; this intended expedition of the Marquis the Rear-Admiral effectually prevented, by immediately puſhing up to the town of Alexandria, which he meditated to have laid in aſhes, but was prevented by two of his veſſels

veſſels getting aground, deſtroying nevertheleſs vaſt quantities of tobacco in his paſſage up and down that river; and there was not a day whilſt on this ſervice without landings being made to deſtroy the craft on the river; and many ſerious ſkirmiſhes took place with the militia and troops who were appointed for the defence of the tobacco ſtores and craft on the river; on which ſervice he diſplayed no ſmall military genius, though often attended with much loſs of men and danger, having ſeldom leſs than three times his number to contend with, and had once half the people in his boat killed or wounded. He afterwards ſerved in the Bedford in all the actions with Lord Rodney and Lord Hood in the Weſt Indies, and alſo in the action of the Cheſapeak againſt the Count de Graſſe.

On the return of this fleet to New York, to repair their damages after the action, in which the Bedford had been particularly conſpicuous, Mr. Graves was appointed to the command of the Magicienne frigate, then fitting at Halifax, but as there was at that moment a determined purpoſe of another action with an enemy who was then of nearly one third more force, and which promiſed to be of the moſt ſerious nature, from the magnitude of the object in diſpute, the Admiral nobly and diſintereſtedly declined taking the command of this promiſing frigate, preferring danger to the infallibly making a fortune in his new appointment, after which the ſame ſentiments of honour and patriotiſm induced him ſtill to poſtpone taking poſſeſſion of the Magicienne, and to go to the Weſt Indies in the Bedford, though not before he had ſent round to Halifax near two hundred men to the Magicienne, which he raiſed at New York at very conſiderable expence of bounty out of his own pocket. In the Weſt Indies he continued to command the Bedford, on board of which ſhip Commodore Affleck had his broad pendant.

The ſhare Admiral Graves had when commanding the Bedford, in an action which is ſo highly celebrated, under the command of Sir Samuel, now Lord Hood, at St. Kitt's, is recorded by that Commander himſelf. The Admiral remained in the command of the Bedford, and was in the action of the 12th of April, under Lord Rodney, off Guadaloupe.

The conſtant active ſpirit of Admiral Graves led him to offer his ſervices to Admiral Rodney to head the landers of the fleet, a large body of men, ſo called from their being trained to ſmall arms, and under immediate orders for landing, with a view, as it was ſuppoſed, of retaking the iſland of St. Kitt's; and as there was neither emolument nor rank annexed to this command, he told the Admiral he ſhould be happy to be employed upon it, or upon any other ſervice of danger and enterprize.

In the autumn of 1782, when Admiral Pigot's fleet arrived in North America, and not before, our preſent hero took the command of the Magicienne, where, contrary to the inclination of

his active mind, he was conſtantly employed in attending convoys. But on his paſſage with one of theſe convoys to the Weſt Indies, his conſtant deſire of conflict was again indulged, by his meeting, on the 2d of January, 1783, with the Sybille and Railleur French frigates, with whom he had that juſtly celebrated and obſtinate action, in which inſtance he ſhewed ſuch gallantry and ſpirit as will for ever reflect honour on the Britiſh navy. The circumſtances of the action are ſo freſh in the mind of every one, that it is unneceſſary to ſay any thing further upon his conduct therein. And we muſt hereafter look for him among the competitors for glory, whom ſpirit and enterprize will not ſuffer them to prefer ſecurity and eaſe, if on the ſtage of the world they can find a ſcene of action in arms. Our preſent hero was not again able to obtain employment till a few months before Lord Spencer's retiring from the Admiralty Board, when he was appointed to the command of the Cumberland; and on the late promotion of flag officers was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the White.

April 20, 1801.

Memoirs of the preſent King of the Two Sicilies.

[Continued from Page 336.]

IT is eaſy to judge, from what we have juſt ſtated, that the reign of Ferdinand IV. would have been one of the happieſt ever recorded in the hiſtory of his kingdoms had he been the only artificer of his fortune. We had, however, remarked before, that he has been liable to many conſiderable inconveniencies, without the leaſt culpability on his part. In the year 1773, a rebellion of the moſt ſerious nature broke out in Palermo, which ſeemed to endanger the crown of Sicily. The Viceroy, Marquis Fogliani, was ignominiouſly turned away by the inhabitants, the other royal authorities were ſuſpended, and the whole people provided with arms and artillery. The government was alarmed leſt the ſpirit of inſurrection ſhould ſpread over the iſland, and renew the tragical ſcene of the famous veſpers, or others ſo congenial to the warm heads of the Sicilians. Vaſt numbers of troops were ſent from Naples under the command of General Carafa, with little or no proſpect of ſucceſs, and it was an uncommon felicity of circumſtance that the ſuperior abilities of this very gallant officer overcame all difficulties, and made the Palermians return to their duty.

In the year 1775, his Catholic Majeſty, Charles III. had reſolved to deſtroy Algiers, as one of the greateſt nuiſances to the Spaniſh commerce. Ferdinand, accordingly, ſent to his auguſt father, a contingent of troops, nearly of four regiments.

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It is in every man's recollection wherefore the expedition was unſuccefsful, and it is known how the Spaniſh and Neapolitan troops were, ſoon after their landing, drawn into an ambuſcade, and deſtroyed by the grape-ſhot of a numerous artillery. His Sicilian Majeſty was extremely ſenſible of this misfortune; and he only conſoled himſelf with the idea, that his troops had not been ſo harraſſed as the Spaniards. Yet, this very event ought to have given to both Monarchs the completeſt proof of the French ſelfiſhneſs and perfidiouſneſs. Under the ſpecious name of family compact, the cabinet of Verſailles had reduced the two Kingdoms of Spain and Naples to the condition of fiefs of the *Grand Monarque*. They were to move under his orders when he pleaſed; upon any other occaſion they could ſcarcely aſſert their rights. It is a fact completely eſtabliſhed, that the Algier artillery was directed by French officers ſent over from Toulon. And it really was the intereſt of the French trade, that the coaſts of Barbary ſhould always be at war with Spain and the Two Sicilies.

In the month of January, 1779, another misfortune took place. This was the death of the Hereditary Prince, Charles Titus, Duke of Apulia. It was certainly a heavy ſorrow to his parents, as he was a promiſing child, of ſound conſtitution, good figure, full of ſpirits, and of ſenſibility ſuperior to any of the royal children. The event was ſo much the more lamentable, as it appeared that the unfortunate young Prince was diſpatched by the preſumptuous ignorance of the phyſicians in his ſervice, who endeavoured to experiment upon him ſome new abſtract and dangerous theories of medicine.

In February, 1783, the ſouthern part of Calabria, and ſome part of Sicily, round Meſſina, were deſolated by a dreadful earthquake. Although this ſcourge of mankind is more common in the Two Sicilies than any where elſe, and ſad records are preſerved of the devaſtations it has, in every age, effected in both countries, yet it never was ſo wide and ſo deſtructive as at the time we ſpeak of. The city of Oppido was ſaid to have been the centre of the movement, from whence, if we recollect rightly, it was equally and gradually ſpread to the extent of 45 miles in every direction. All the cities, therefore, and villages, lying between the circle of about 270 miles, were affected, and more than a hundred of them levelled to the ground, with the loſs of about 40,000 lives. By theſe means the moſt beautiful and fertile province of the kingdom of Naples was loſt for many years.

All theſe misfortunes, however, dwindled into inſignificance, when compared to a very ſingular ſtroke inflicted on their Sicilian Majeſties by the Court of Spain in the ſubſequent year 1784. The Catholic King had, perhaps, good reaſons to be diſſatisfied with the Neapolitan government. He was deeply con-

cerned that the Auſtrian faction acquired from day to day an overgrowing preponderance in Naples; he therefore inſiſted, that a perſon devoted to that houſe ſhould be removed from the miniſtry, and every means in his power was tried to attain the object in an amicable way. He was not only totally diſappointed, but had alſo the mortification to ſee the Emperor Joſeph repairing to Naples in December 1783, and engaging his Majeſty in a treaty of alliance with him and the late Empreſs of Ruſſia, which virtually tended to emancipate the Sicilian monarchy from the family compact. This new alliance would, in all probability, have opened to his Majeſty a field of exertions quite unknown before, and given him a proſpect of ſome important acquiſitions in the ſubſequent events then likely to take place, if the ſcheme had been properly ſupported by the wiſdom of the government, and the fidelity of the new allies. It would certainly have occaſioned no blame from the public, nor perhaps any complaint from the Court of Spain; as every man of ſenſe was fully convinced that any emancipation of the Bourbon powers from the inſidious cabinet of Verſailles would be beneficial to them, who had been hitherto condemned to act only like puppets in every political machinery of the French ambition. As, however, his Sicilian Majeſty was deſtitute of a good miniſtry, and engaged to deal with a foreign Prince, who, beſides his noted characteriſtical ambition and rapacity, had alſo ſome rights on the very kingdom of Naples, it was juſtly apprehended that ſome time or other he might find himſelf in difficulties from which he could never extricate himſelf. Charles III. after employing all the influence of his paternal authority to no purpoſe, began to act as an injured friend. Accordingly, he recalled his Ambaſſador from Naples, and ſoon after enacted a law derogatory to the Pragmatic Sanction of 1759, and purporting "that his Sicilian Majeſty and his deſcendants ſhould be for ever excluded from the ſucceſſion to the Spaniſh crown." This was really a political thunder-clap. The Neapolitan government, being aware that the Spaniards were full as much as themſelves under the tuition of the Court of Verſailles, thought they could avert the blow by applying for juſtice and protection to the head of the family. Cardinal de Bernis, then French Ambaſſador in Rome, was ſent for to Naples for the purpoſe of the embaſſy; and at the end of the negociations, their Majeſties were mortified by the unwelcome truth that the meaſure adopted by the Court of Madrid had been previouſly conſented to by that of Verſailles! The diſguſt of his Catholic Majeſty was ſtill at the higheſt pitch, and other diſagreeable conſequences would have been the reſult, had not his own death, that of the Emperor Joſeph, and the exploding volcano of the French revolution turned the minds of the European cabinets towards more ſerious and alarming objects.

In the year 1785, his Majeſty and his Queen made the tour of Italy. The remoteſt object of their journey was to ſee the famous *Giuoco del Ponte* (The bridge-game) in Piſa. This is a public ceremony performed every year in the month of May: it conſiſts of ſomething like a pitched battle between two different armies; and it is a mock imitation of the bloody conteſts between the Guelphs and the Ghibellins, and other ſubſequent factions which deſolated Tuſcany in the middle ages. The enthuſiaſm of the Tuſcans for this diverſion is ſuch as to render it a ſubject of every converſation a month before the appointed time, and to engage individuals even in convents and nunneries to lay wagers on the contending parties. His Majeſty's journey proved extremely agreeable to himſelf, as he was received by every government and people with extraordinary marks of reſpect and gratitude: it was alſo beneficial to the inhabitants of the different countries, who witneſſed his virtuous character, his affable and condeſcending behaviour, and his unexampled generoſity. This laſt virtue had already been extolled with praiſes in all the Italian capitals where he ſtopped. It was, among other things, reported, that on his viſiting the higheſt court of juſtice of his Sardinian Majeſty, in Turin, and ſeeing a vaſt number of priſoners confined for debts and bankruptcies, he made a point to inquire from one of the magiſtrates, who attended him, what was the money required for the purpoſe of ſetting thoſe unfortunate men at liberty? Upon being informed that the whole amounted to a ſum of many hundred thouſands, he immediately delivered a draft, and deſired that the priſoners ſhould be liberated. This uncommon act of generoſity was mentioned in all the Italian newſpapers with due affection and gratitude. A regard, however, for hiſtorical truth compels us to ſtate that it produced a diſagreeable ſenſation in Naples, where ſome *mauvais plaiſans* juſtly affirmed, in a *pulcinelleſca* ſentence, that it was abſurd for his Majeſty to go to Turin to exert his generoſity on the Piedmonteſe ſwindlers, when he had plenty of ſuch people in his own dominions.

Many important things took place in his Majeſty's government from the year 1785 to 1790; ſuch as the intended agreement with the Court of Rome, the expulſion of the Papal Nuncio from Naples, the ſuppreſſion of the tribute of the White Horſe, and the reform in the royal finances, the army, and magiſtracy.

In Auguſt, 1790, the two eldeſt Neapolitan Princeſſes, Mary Thereſa, the preſent Empreſs, and Louiſa Amelia, the preſent Grand-Ducheſs of Tuſcany, were married. His Majeſty availed himſelf of this opportunity to accompany his two daughters to Vienna, and to make the tour of Germany and Hungary. He occaſionally aſſiſted at the ceremony of Emperor Leopold's coronation, in Franckfort. A curious and intereſting anecdote occurred during his journey, which deſerves peculiar notice,

notice, as tending to evince that even the moſt unaſſuming and modeſt Princes fall very often a prey to baſe flattery, and that no trifling opportunity ever eſcapes artful ſycophants to ingratiate themſelves with their maſters. A weak Neapolitan magiſtrate of the name of Vecchioni, whoſe fatuity had already become proverbial, and who, thinking to make amends for the want of ſenſe by an extenſive and diſorderly reading, and by an enormous collection of exotic books, had acquired a title more to be ridiculous, wrote on that occaſion a pamphlet to demonſtrate that Ferdinand I. of Arragon, juſt three centuries back, had undertaken a ſimilar journey for the ſame purpoſe of attending two of his Princeſſes, one of whom was married to John Galeas Sforſa, Duke of Milan, and the other to another powerful Prince. His Majeſty was ſo pleaſed with this hiſtorical parallel as to grant, ſoon after, to the inſufficient Vecchioni the honourable, important, and lucrative place of Comptroller of the Cuſtoms in Foggia.

On his return to Italy, his Majeſty ſtopped many days in Rome. This was, perhaps, the beſt employed part of his journey. It produced, at leaſt, an effect highly ſatisfactory to the moſt ſenſible of his ſubjects. In his converſations with the late Pius VI. he was made ſenſible of the ambition and rapacity of the crafty lawyers and turbulent clergymen in Naples, who had for many years paſt fomented the ſcandalous conteſts between the eccleſiaſtical and royal authority. And ſo convinced was he of the miſconduct of ſome of his ſervants, that, on his very arrival at Naples, he changed the miniſtry for the eccleſiaſtical department, and filled all the vacant biſhopricks with worthy and reſpectable perſons, condemning to an humiliating excluſion all the intruded candidates who had thought of captivating his munificence by repreſenting themſelves as the ſupporters of the royal juriſdiction.

The univerſal convulſions of Europe now came on. Here is the end of every regular hiſtory of Princes and of government! All their actions, meaſures, anecdotes, were ſwallowed up in the vortex of the French revolution. New perſons, and new ſcenes appeared on the ſtage, which made us loſe ſight of the eminent living characters, except in the mortifications and humiliations to which they were liable. His Majeſty has certainly had his ſhare of them. In the year 1792 his metropolis was threatened by a French ſquadron under Admiral La Touche, who ſent on ſhore an obſcure brigadier to dictate laws in his very palace! Another revolutioniſt of the name of Machault diſpatched an Ambaſſador to Naples, calling himſelf the protector of the ſtudents and ſcribblers, entered into a conſpiracy. Next to him the metaphyſical Septembrizer Garat, who had notified the ſentence of death to the unfortunate Lewis XVI. dared to preſent himſelf, in the ſame capacity of Ambaſſador to a Mo-

narch of the Houſe of Bourbon. At the period of the renewal of the war, Mr. Caraccioli, his Majeſty's Charge d'Affaires in Paris, was confined in the Temple, and the Ambaſſador, Mr. Ruffo, who had previouſly ſet off, was arreſted in Rome, by order of thoſe miſerable puppets of the French Directory who called themſelves Roman republicans.

We ſhall therefore conclude this biographical eſſay on his Sicilian Majeſty with ſome hints on the improvement of his kingdoms during his reign. The operations at Pompei have been conducted with ſucceſs. The magnificent building of the Royal Academy, in Naples, intended by its firſt founder, the Viceroy Count de Lemos, for the univerſity, has been ſo aggrandized as to have become the beſt of the kind in Europe. The eſtabliſhment of the Royal Exchange has greatly facilitated the external commerce; and the perfection of the high roads from the capital to every quarter of the kingdom of Naples, (which is perhaps the greateſt glory of his reign) has rendered the internal trade more eaſy and expeditious.

Theſe improvements are, however, far inferior to what the public might have expected in the preſent enlightened period of improvement and progreſs of the human mind.

A Character of thoſe grand Bulwarks of our Iſlands, the Tars.

[From Pratt's new Volume of "Engliſh Gleanings."]

THE Britiſh ſeamen are a race of men, who appear only to exiſt in other countries, but come to their full growth, and the perfection of their characters in England. A general deſcription of them, for ſkill in their profeſſion, for courage in combating upon the rudeſt element, and for their generoſity to the vanquiſhed in the very hour of victory, a generoſity, mild as if they lived upon a ſummer ſtream—cannot be over-praiſed. This is indeed almoſt the only one ſubject, and the one claſs of men, without any diſparagement to the reſt, which precludes the poſſibility of panegyric: for, if we look at them collectively, and judge of them by their private humanities, and public ſervices—in all ſtages of our hiſtory, but more eſpecially in the preſent æra—the ſum of natural benevolence, and of national good, and that without any emblazoning pretenſions to oſtentatious diſplays, is ſufficiently admirable to merit all which has been ſpoken or written in their behalf; in ſhort, the Britiſh ſailors muſt be placed in the very firſt rank of character.

I have often endeavoured to account for the almoſt unbounded benevolence which animates the Engliſh ſailor. It cannot be, altogether, from the general ignorance of what I am conſtrained

to

to call in the world's language, the uſe of money; nor from the ſudden fluſh of it when they receive their pay; for theſe circumſtances happen to very many others, who, collectively ſpeaking, are by no means ſo openhanded or hearted. Probably, various cauſes may contribute; they paſs moſt of their lives on an element whoſe waving habitations do not admit ſome of the moſt inimical paſſions; even ſome of the worſt vices can only be intruders, whilſt many of the virtues are reſidents. The billowy theatre on which they exiſt keep them together—their being inceſſantly expoſed to the ſame hazards, embarked in the ſame cauſe, the early ideas of good fellowſhip, and of glory, with which they have been brought up, the traditional hiſtory of a ſailor's ſoundneſs of heart, of heroic deeds performed on the roaring ocean, of their bravely buffeting the ſtorms, of victories obtained in the teeth of them, with numberleſs glowing tales of dangers eſcaped, crowned at length with good cheer and the ſmiles of old England! Moreover the conſtant ſight of each other, ſo that the whole crew—a powerful attraction!—ſeem but as one great family, at their daily work of war, conqueſt, and of adventure. Moſt of them, likewiſe, (and this too is of great account) bear in their boſoms a fond impreſſion of ſome object beloved, the memory and abſence from whom naturally tends to ſoften and ameliorate the heart, and we know that ſuch of their ſongs as are not upon the perils or glories of the ſea, celebrate and commemorate their miſtreſſes.

Unlike men engaged in commercial concerns, I am perſuaded, that not one ſhip of war's man, out of at leaſt fifty, ever thinks of placing out his pay or prize-money to any ſort of worldly advantage. His affections, indeed, know well how to appropriate the larger ſhare; he ſees many a gay ribbon and new gown, with nameleſs other love-tokens, for the girl of his fancy; and the reſt goes lightly down his throat to warm his guileleſs heart, and perhaps to overheat his head—but even his indiſcretions are ſocial; for while the artizan is ſullenly taking his ſolitary draught in ſome corner of the pot-houſe, honeſt Jack will invite all within his reach, whether comrades or ſtrangers, to partake of his flip or his grog, and to join him in cheering his old and his young miſtreſs—namely, England and the laſs he loves. It is ten to one, indeed, if in his way, even to that laſs, he ſhould encounter an object of ſorrow or of want, but he would joyfully deprive himſelf of half that flip, and curtail his beloved of at leaſt the price of one gown, to dry the eyes, fill the ſtomach, and clothe the nakedneſs of the poor creature who had fallen within his immediate obſervation.

In the courſe of an evening I paſſed with Dr. Duncan, he related a variety of circumſtances, which fell under his own obſervation while on board the Venerable (of which he was chaplain), both before and after the glorious 11th of October; and as

ſome

ſome of theſe are calculated to afford a yet farther diſplay of the mind, character, and countenance of our Engliſh tars, I will ſubjoin them.

The bravery of the men in general, amidſt the agonies of wounds, and at the very moment of death, could never have been credited, ſays the Doctor, even by himſelf, had he not been an eye and an ear witneſs. "You are not to imagine I was circumſcribed to the narrow bounds of my clerical office," ſaid he;—"In the day of blood I was on triple duty, alternately acting as a ſailor, chaplain, and ſurgeon's aſſiſtant, when the battle might too truly be ſaid to bleed in every vein. I was now called upon to miniſter to the recoverable, now the irrecoverable. Believe me, Sir, not a complaint followed the gaſhed fleſh or loſt limbs of the firſt, nor a regret for departing exiſtence mingled in the fleeting breath of the laſt. A mariner of the name of Covey was brought down to the ſurgery, deprived of both his legs; and it was neceſſary ſome hours after to amputate ſtill higher. "I ſuppoſe thoſe d—d ſciſſars will finiſh the buſineſs of the bullet, maſter mate?" "Indeed my brave fellow," cried the ſurgeon, "there is ſome fear of it." "Well, never mind it," cried Covey, "I have loſt my legs, to be ſure, and mayhap may loſe my life; but we beat the Dutch; d—n me, we have beat the Dutch, this bleſſed day my legs have been ſhot off!—So I'll e'en have another cheer for it—huzza! huzza!

"There were ſeveral women on board the Venerable while in action; among theſe a ſailor's wife was ſhot at the ſide of her huſband at his gun. Another young woman had the lanthorn-bottle ſhot from her hand, while ſhe was holding it for the ſurgeon to dreſs her father's wounds, and perceiving him look terrified, ſhe ran to her father and cried, "If you have not received any more hurt, never mind the lanthorn.—I am ſafe and ſound, thank God—but how are you, father, how are you?"

Dr. Duncan told me alſo of a gallant little boy, who, while one of the ſailors was under the hands of the ſurgeons, went down to be relieved for a wound he had received in the cheek; —"Pray go on with the poor's man's dreſſing, Sir," ſaid the youthful hero, "he has loſt a limb; I have only got a little flap on the face." The gaſh was deep, and the blood was guſhing from it in torrents into the poor boy's mouth while he ſpoke."

THOUGHTS *on the* SOUL.

By Robert Burns.

WE know nothing, or next to nothing, of the ſubſtance or ſtructure of our ſouls, ſo cannot account for thoſe ſeem-

ing caprices in them, that one ſhould be particularly pleaſed with this thing, or ſtruck with that, which, on minds of a different caſt, makes no extraordinary impreſſion. I have ſome favourite flowers in ſpring, among which are the mountain-daiſy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-roſe, the budding-birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud ſolitary whiſtle of the curlew in a ſummer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey-plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of ſoul like the enthuſiaſm of devotion, or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Eolian harp, paſſive takes the impreſſion of the paſſing accident? Or do theſe workings argue ſomething within us above the trodden clod? I own myſelf partial to ſuch proofs of thoſe awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave!

Narrative of the Execution at Edinburgh, by the Mob, of Captain Porteous.

HISTORIANS have noticed, that at this time (in the year 1734) ſuch a degree of licentiouſneſs prevailed over the nation, that neither the laws nor the magiſtrates were, in many inſtances, reſpected. Some very ſerious riots had happened in different parts of the kingdom, and a diſturbance of the moſt alarming nature had occurred in the city of Edinburgh. One Captain Porteous, who commanded the city guard at the execution of a ſmuggler, upon ſome provocation from the populace, without the uſual precaution of reading the proclamation, had ordered his men to fire on the croud, by which ſeveral innocent perſons were killed. Being convicted of the murder, he was ſentenced to die; but his Majeſty then being at Hanover, his conſort, the Queen, as regent to the crown, granted Porteous a reprieve. This act of clemency having filled the friends of thoſe who had been thus ſacrificed to his indiſcretion with deteſtation and rage, they too ſucceſsfully ſtirred up the rabble to a determination of revenge and murders. Having concerted their plans on the very day which the Judges had fixed for the execution of Porteous, they aſſembled in different places, and at ten in the evening they blocked up the gates of the city, diſarmed the town-guards, broke open the priſon, and executed the object of their revenge on the ſign-poſt of a dyer. Having effected their purpoſe, they immediately diſperſed to their ſeveral homes.

Though

Though very conſiderable rewards were offered for the apprehenſion of the murderers, none of them were ever diſcovered; but, in the enſuing ſeſſion of Parliament, the matter was moſt cloſely inveſtigated. The occurrence having been introduced to the Lords, the different accounts and papers ſubmitted to their peruſal, and three Scottiſh Judges, and ſeveral other witneſſes attending, a bill was brought in for the impriſonment, and to diſable Alexander Wilſon, Eſq. Lord-Provoſt of Edinburgh, from enjoying any office of magiſtracy; and for aboliſhing the city-guard; and to take away the gates of the Netherbow port, &c. This bill, after a ſtrong oppoſition, was paſſed, and ſent to the Commons, where the matter being again cloſely ſcrutinized, and it appearing that the Lord-Provoſt had exerted himſelf to the utmoſt that circumſtances would allow, for quelling the riot, ſuch amendments were made to the bill as to leave no clauſe in force, but that for impoſing a fine on the city of two thouſand pounds, which were to be paid to the widow of the late Captain Porteous. The bill being returned to the Lords, they agreed to the amendments, and thus the unpleaſant ſcene cloſed.

AN ANECDOTE.

IN the early part of Mr. Muilman's life he became enamoured with Conſtantia Phillips, and, finding he could not procure her as a miſtreſs, reſolved to venture upon her as a wife. They were accordingly married; but as their diſpoſitions were not *exactly* ſimilar, they were not *ſuperlatively* happy. "Mr. Muilman," ſaid Conſtantia, after they had been married about three months, "I believe you are heartily tired of me, and I am heartily tired of you; ſo if you will ſettle five hundred pounds a year upon me for life, I will put you in a way of diſſolving our marriage." He eagerly embraced this propoſal, and gave her his bond for the performance of the contract, and ſhe produced a certificate of her *previous* marriage with a paſtry-cook, who lived in Maiden-lane, Covent-garden.

This point being aſcertained, Mr. Muilman refuſed to pay her the annuity, and to her ſorrow ſhe found that there was a flaw in the drawing up the bond, which put it out of her power to compel him to pay it. She therefore told him that unleſs he entered into a new and legal engagement to pay it, ſhe would take a ſtep that would render her marriage *with him* perfectly legal. He laughed at her, but ſhe performed her promiſe, by bringing a certificate, and producing a regiſter, by which it appeared, that the Maiden-lane paſtry-cook, *previous to his marriage with her*, had married *another woman*, who was ſtill alive.—This diſconcerted the merchant, who, however, got quit of her importunities, by giving her a conſiderable ſum, on condition of her going to Jamaica, where ſhe ſettled as keeper of a coffee-houſe, and died ſoon after.

Curious Tenure of Brianſton, in the County of Dorſet.

THE lands of Brianſton, a village near Blandford, were held by a tenure which obliged the proprietor, when the King marched to war againſt either Scotland or Wales, to furniſh a man to walk before him, without any other cloaths than his ſhirt and drawers; holding in one hand a bow without a ſtring, and in the other, an arrow without a feather.

ORIGIN *of* CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

THESE inſtitutions, now become ſo very general, are of no greater ſtanding than fifty or ſixty years. The firſt in London was commenced at No. 132, in the Strand, by a bookſeller of the name of Wright, about the year 1740; he was ſucceeded in the ſame concern by Batho, who was ſucceeded by Mr. John Bell. Among the earlieſt and moſt ſucceſsful rivals of Wright were the Nobles in Holborn and St. Martin's Court; Chater in King-ſtreet, Cheapſide; and Lowndes in Fleet-ſtreet. The number of circulating libraries in Great Britain was, in the year 1800, not leſs than one thouſand.

Anſwer, by James Chivers, Teacher of Mathematics at St. Auſtell, to Philotechnus's Queſtion, inſerted February 2.

LET the ſine and co-ſine of the required latitude be denoted by x and y reſpectively: put a = the co-tangent of the plane's declination, d = its co-ſine, and b = the tangent of 47°. Now $1 : y :: d : dy$ = the ſine of the ſtyle's height; and $1 : X :: a : aX$ = the co-tangent of the plane's longitude. Again, as $1 : dy :: ax : b : daxy = b$, and $xy = \frac{b}{da} = 48078$, &c. Therefore the latitude the dial was deſigned for is 52° 58′ 2″.

Alſo the ſtyle's height = 33° 48′; ſubſtyle's diſtance from the meridian = 16° 6′; and the plane's difference of longitude = 27° 25′.

Anſwer, by G. Geach, of Wadebridge, to W. Sherwell's Rebus, inſerted February 16.

IN many a *Bay* our navy rides,
Or ſweeps the aſſerted ſea;
The efforts of her foes derides,
And keeps our country free.

O matchleſs power! who rul'ſt the ſkies,
Bid not our ſun to ſet!
Britain on thee for help relies,
Save her from Gallia's *Net*.
Thy pow'r evince, thy aid afford,
We fear not BAYONET or ſword.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; T. Webber, jun. and R. Sellick, jun. of Tiverton; Henry Humphreys, L. H. Thomas Whicker, J. Squance, and J. Smith, of Exeter; G. England, of Lyme; W. England, of Uplyme; W. H. of Briſtol; P. Ninnis, St. Auſtell; J. Field, Staverton; Philom. of Teingmouth; J. Bulgin, of Caſtle Cary; Sampſon O'Smith; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; Serjeant Towning of the Fivehead Volunteers; Novus, of Barnſtaple; William Chudleigh, of Newton Buſhel; J. Hayden, Axminſter; E. Rowland, of the Royal Denbigh Militia; W. B. and R. Baker, Poole; W. Maddick, of Rattery; J. R. Toulmin; J. W. St. Auſtell; and T. Taylor, Bridgewater.

Anſwer, by Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers, to the Rebus, inſerted February 23.

TH' initials duly found proclaim,
That VIRGIL is the poet's name.

Similar anſwers have been received from J. Bulgin, Caſtle Cary; Sampſon O'Smith; W. B. and R. Baker, Poole; and J. R. Toulmin.

A CHARADE, *by Sampſon O'Smith.*

TO find my firſt you'll not be vex'd,
A pugiliſtic term relate;
When trees are planted in my next
They furniſh us a cool retreat:
My whole frequents the farmer's barn
To ſeek for ſcatter'd grains of corn.

A REBUS, *by W. M. of Topſham.*

MY firſt is a portion of time,
Which none ſhould let heedleſs paſs by;
My next where ſhips meet in a line,
When the bullets deſtruction let fly;
My third, O ſoon may it bleſs
This iſland much favour'd by Heaven!
And my laſt when ſharp pain doth diſtreſs
To the ſufferer much comfort has given.
Join theſe initials right you'll find
A paſſion ſoothing to the mind.

POETRY.

REFLECTIONS *on* REVISITING *a* VILLAGE.

HAIL, peaceful village! thou delightful ſcene
Of all my boyiſh ſports! Sweet rural ſpot,
Which memory, "parent of th' ideal hoſts,"
And contemplation, heaven-born nymph, oft love
In magic tints to picture!
Hail ye ſhades
Of academe! where many a live-long hour
My daily taſk I've conn'd, anxious to hear
The clock ſtrike twelve, glad ſound of liberty.
Amid your haunts my infant mind put forth
Its earlieſt germs, beneath the foſtering hand
Of him, whoſe heart with honeſt pride would glow,
What time with pleaſure-ſparkling eyes he view'd
(Sweet recompence for all his cares, his toils!)
Scions of genius bloſſom fair around.
There E——, lov'd companion of my youth!
We panted up the ſteep aſcent that leads
To wiſdom's ſacred temple; there the flowers
Of claſſic lore we cull'd.
Thrice happy days!
When thro' the verdure, ſweetly-winding paths
Of yonder garden, where luxuriant bloom
Pomona's ſtores, with nimble feet I ſtray'd,
And dulcet raſpberries pluck'd.
Lo there the aſh
Beneath whoſe leafy canopy reclin'd,
The ſongs of Tityrus, the Mantuan ſwain,
And the Mœonian bard's melliſluent ſtrains,
Full oft have I perus'd. Where ſterile weeds
And waving graſs yon crumbling wall o'ertop
Erſt in my vacant hours a little ſpot
I us'd to cultivate; but ah! how oft
Hath ſome malicious cow my floral hopes
All, all deſtroy'd! Misfortune to endure
Is man's peculiar deſtiny, and pain
Embitters e'en the halcyon days of youth.
On the green margin of yon ſedgy lake
Liſtleſs I ſat, and watch'd the ſportive frogs,
Or mark'd the pebble on the ſmooth expanſe,
Increaſing circles form.
In the low cot
That peeps between thoſe ivied church-yard elms,
An aged matron dwelt, whoſe toys and tarts
Mine eyes attracted, tempting me t' exhauſt
My ſlender purſe. How chang'd the ſcene! Time was
When many an adage the decrepid dame,
With grave demeanour ſpoke, and with events
Of years long paſt, each liſtening elf amus'd.
But now, alas! her clay-cold limbs enſhrin'd,
Beneath this hillock ſleep the ſleep of death!
Nine times the tenants of yon leafy bower,
With deſcants ſhrill have hail'd the ſpring's return,
Since firſt I gambol'd on this daiſied green
With joyous heart, and "urg'd the flying ball."
Hail, peaceful village! Theſe thy ſylvan ſcenes

A deep

A deep memento on my ſoul impreſs;
Theſe bid me mark with what unnotic'd ſpeed
Weeks, months, and years roll round; theſe bid me mark,
How ſoon diſſolve the faireſt, fondeſt hopes,
And trancing ſpells, that charm life's roſy morn.

W. CASE, Junior.

PORTRAIT *of* MAN, BLEST *with the* HOPE *of* IMMORTALITY.

By the late W. COWPER, *Eſq.*

AS when a felon, whom his country's laws
Have juſtly doom'd for ſome atrocious cauſe,
Expects in darkneſs, and heart-chilling fears,
The ſhameful cloſe of all his miſpent years;
If chance, on heavy pinions ſlowly borne,
A tempeſt uther in the dreaded morn,
Upon his dungeon walls the lightning play
The thunder ſeems to ſummon him away,
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies:
If then, juſt then, all thoughts of mercy loſt,
When hope, long ling'ring, at laſt yields the ghoſt,
The ſound of pardon pierce his ſtartled ear,
He drops at once his fetters and his fear;
A tranſport glows in all he looks and ſpeaks,
And the firſt thankful tears bedew his cheeks.
Joy, far ſuperior joy, that much outweighs
The comfort of a few poor added days,
Invades, poſſeſſes, and o'erwhelms the ſoul
Of him, whom hope has with a touch made whole.
'Tis Heaven, all Heav'n, deſcending on the wings
Of the glad legions of the King of Kings;
'Tis more—'tis God diffus'd thro' every part,
'Tis God himſelf triumphant in his heart!
Oh! welcome now the ſun's once hated light,
His noon-day beams were never half ſo bright.
Not kindred minds alone are call'd t'employ
Their hours, their days, in liſt'ning to his joy;
Unconſcious nature, all that be ſurveys,
Rocks, groves, and ſtreams, muſt join him in his praiſe!

Theſe are thy glorious works, eternal truth,
The ſcoff of wither'd age and beardleſs youth;
Theſe move the cenſure and illib'ral grin
Of fools that hate thee, and delight in ſin:
But theſe ſhall laſt when night has quench'd the pole,
And heav'n is all departed as a ſcroll:
And when, as juſtice has long ſince decreed,
This earth ſhall blaze, and a new world ſucceed,
Then theſe thy glorious works, and they who ſhare
That hope which can alone exclude deſpair,
Shall live exempt from weakneſs and decay,
The brighteſt wonders of an endleſs day!

EPITAPH.

HERE lies John Brown, a man of few words,
Who kill'd himſelf with eating of curds;
But had he been rul'd by Joan his wife,
He might have liv'd all the days of his life.